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Judge

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HE'S A BILLION-DOLLAR MAN.

UNCLE SAM—"Don't be alarmed. I have had a 'BILLION-DOLLAR *congress*,' and I have just spent a *billion dollars* at ONE SESSION; but I am growing very fast—in fact, I am a '*billion-dollar man*.'"

Judge

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NOW, while the shining collar sinks and sags
And slowly wilts into a shapeless shape,
And far outsoars the juices of the grape,
The Collins J., most jagful jag of jags—
Now, when the bow-wow in conjunction wags
His tongue and tail and pauses but to scrape
A solo on his ribs, the while agape
He grins to show the joy that never lags—
'Tis then the merry maid of charms untold
Toys with the spindles of her sunshade pink,
Half in a lotos dream and half awake,
While with her rolling eyes of sombre gold
She charms the serpent of her summer drink,
The green-pink ice-cream soda-water snake.

* * *

THE CHIEF BEAUTY of the kind of history that we find in the average historical novel is that it does not make a specialty of repeating itself.

* * *

BY THE "frankfurter" now,
In the long, burnished bun
Of the gondola prow,
Coney island is run,
While it warbles its deep-sea sonata from the rise to the set of the sun.

WATTERSON would be much more of a fantastic factor in the grand circus of Democratic harmony if he could only have a hot-air brake annexed to his wild, impassioned bray.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Mr. Cleveland is elephantine in size he is a very grasshopper of graceful agility when it comes to the subtle art of ducking or side-stepping anything from a brickbat to a live and lively issue.

* * *

ON THE juicy summer oyster,
That's as broad as it is long,
All the typhoid germs are busy
Playing tennis and ping-pong.

* * *

A PHILOSOPHER, who is evidently hiding his light under a bushel in the fiery, untamed west, recently gave to the world a jewel of the first water when he remarked that the reason Mr. Bryan does not want either the nomination for the presidency or for the governorship of his state is that he is looking out for a sure thing.

* * *

IS IT NOT a little strange that David Bennett Hill should be taken so seriously as to be called the mouthpiece of the Democratic party? This is equivalent to saying that David Bennett Hill is the entire Democratic party when it is considered that this organization is pretty much all organ of speech. In all probability this compliment, if it may be called such, will be regarded by the philosopher who reads between the lines as a mere conventional tribute to his political memory.

* * *

YOU are, oh, dainty, soothing cabbage-leaf,
More fine than silk to line a summer hat;
You bring all sorts of gnawing care to grief
And knock all sorts of bugbear prone and flat.

You ever are most cooling and serene,
And we are with your juicy spirit fraught
When all your sculptured shape of luscious green
Is spread across our dome of cultured thought.

You make us gayly caper, leap and kick,
And laugh and smile and coruscate and grin,
And joyward jump upon the double-quick,
Until for cash we do not care a pin.

Our dream is all a true Arabian night
Whose dancing color never waxes dim.
When you are blended with the straggling white
Hirsute that dangles 'neath our straw hat-brim

You quite eclipse the deathless laurel crown.
Oh, you're the queen of all the garden-patch
When, in the country or the dusty town,
You constitute our bald head's chiefest thatch.

SAGACIOUS ANIMALS.

ISAACS—"Vot you got dem rats in dot cage for?"
COHEN—"Don'd say a vord. Dose are trained rats. Dem rats are trained to come out unt chew matches effery time bizniss geds dull."

MOTHER AND SON.

THE house was a low, rambling old structure, sitting back in a park-like lawn, as one might sit back in a great easy-chair, reposeful, serene, at rest—perhaps selfish to thus withdraw itself from the unquiet world beyond its gates.

A woman sat by a low window with a boy's coat lying in her lap, her hands folded idly over it. She was dreaming of the time when the little coat would no longer fit the broad shoulders of her boy, a big, strong man; such a little fellow now, so tender, so innocent, so dependent on his mother's love and care. How proud she would be to look up into the face of a man, bearded and grave, and hear him call her "mother"! She could——

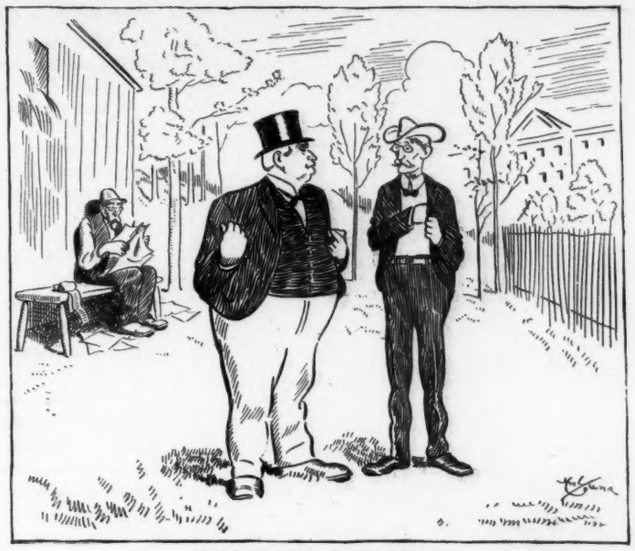
Suddenly she started from her reverie at the sound of a youthful yell in the rose-garden beneath her window. It was her boy shouting in childish glee, and she smiled as she thought of him. Again the shout, mingled now with a strange noise she did not understand, and arising hurriedly she looked out.

There, in the rose-garden—there, in the fragrance of the flowers and the glint of the silver sunlight—was Harold, her only son, her pride and joy, swinging a cat by its tail, his shouts now drowning its pleading wail.

Dropping the coat, with its dreaming, she flew down the short stairway leading through the conservatory entrance to the garden and caught Harold in the very act. He was having a most delightful time with the cat, entirely unconscious of his mother's approach. Then he became aware of it, and immediately fell across the maternal knee. A succession of dull and sickening thuds filled the sun-kissed air of the garden, and once more the boy stood upon his feet. There were tears in his eyes, and he felt as if he had been sitting on the tropic of cancer.

"Now, you naughty boy," said his mother as she pulled herself together, "go and sympathize with the cat."

Moral—dreams go by contraries. WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.



NOW IN THE POOR-HOUSE.

VISITOR—"You don't mean to tell me that that fellow back there is John Bascomb's son? Why, I can remember when he was considered the brightest, most promising fellow in town."

SUPERINTENDENT—"Yes, so he was; but, you see, he got to spending his time reading those magazine articles on 'how to succeed.'"

PROGRESSIVE.

TOURIST—"Do the inhabitants of these islands show any signs of progressiveness?"
EXPLORER—"Oh, yes. They are holding the last missionary for a ransom instead of eating him."

MOST EXTRAORDINARY.

"I HAVE noticed," said Willie Spanker, "that a felt slipper is not felt so much as one which is not felt at all."

DEFINED.

CASEY—"Phwat's a 'Roman punch'?"
CASSIDY—"Well, phin an Oirishman shlugs an A. P. A., thot is a Roman punch."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

BELLE HARPER.

Whene'er you twirl and frisk and swirl
In many a pretty pose,
'Tis then that we dream of the bee
That bobs from rose to rose.

Whene'er you wing about and sing,
With ecstasy aglow,
We feel you are the twinkling star
That makes the show a show.

Oh, when you play you make us gay,
While joy our vision tops,
And ne'er we're mad and glum and sad
Until the curtain drops.

SARCASM.

Mrs. de Style (haughtily)—"I am sorry, but I would not permit my daughter to go with a man that drinks."

Turnedowne—"I thought as much, for I have never seen your daughter out with her father."

A CHEMIST'S POINT OF VIEW.

FAIR Cleopatra, so they tell us, centuries ago
Dissolved a pearl and drank it, her magnificence to show;
But lo! this did not serve to prove the glory of her state—
It showed that vinegar dissolves calcium carbonate.

THE POWER OF SLANG.

THE power transmutative of slang
With wonder strikes me dumb.
The man once called a big "sardine"
A "lobster" has become.

AN AQUATIC FABLE.

A MAN in a rowboat was once thrown into a stream. He set up a shout, as if he imagined that the most important thing in the world would be to rescue him from the water.

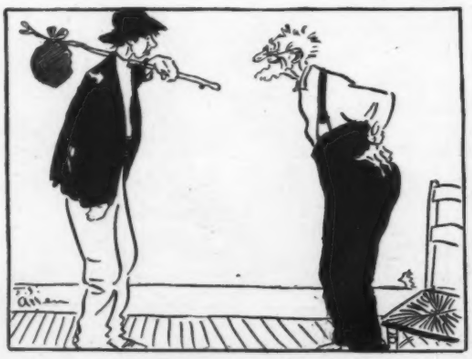
His cries attracted the attention of a man on the bank, who picked up a sledgehammer and threw it to the drowning man, who increased the vehemence of his shouts.

Then the man on the bank threw a crowbar to the other and said,

"I could break into a bank or tear down an alibi with those tools. Strange if you persist in drowning after my efforts to save you."

Moral—As the man in the water was a fool who rocked the boat it served him mighty right.

W. BOB HOLLAND.



TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

THE PRODIGAL—"The father in the bible story, dad, killed the fatted calf for his son."

THE OLD MAN—"Yep; but he wasn't up against no beef trust, I reckon."

NO CAUSE FOR JEALOUSY.

HE—"Your dog seems to be jealous of me."

SHE—"Oh, he won't be—as soon as he knows you better."

THE HEIGHT OF REALISM.

The landscape painter—"Don't you know, I'm quite a realist."

The animal painter (sarcastically)—"Well, well! Who'd have thought it?"

The landscape painter—"Fact, I assure you. I always smoke when I'm painting a hazy atmosphere."

NO. 3.—THE WONDERFUL DOINGS OF MARVELOUS THOMAS.

"Here I have drawn, as you may see, a cracked pitcher, and with the addition of a few more strokes of the brush we have——

——a crack baseball pitcher."

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SIMPLY BARBAROUS.

"She married a poet, and now she is suing for divorce."
"On what grounds?"
"Cruel and inhuman treatment. The wretch got her to present one of his poems to an editor."

DECISION IN THE FOURTH STANLAWS ART COMPETITION.

Miss Emma L. Atkins, 89 South Street, Bristol, Conn, is awarded the $10 prize for the best colored picture sent to us of the Stanlaws drawing which appeared in JUDGE No. 1068. The pictures by Miss Ethel McManus, 718 Cass Street, Detroit, Mich., and Miss Virginia B. Daingerfield, 181 Washington Street, Alexandria, Va., deserve special commendation.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Here is a competition for amateur artists. JUDGE will pay **TEN DOLLARS** for the best hand-colored copy of the above drawing. On receipt of twenty-five cents in stamps a special hand-proof of the drawing, printed in black outline upon Steinbach water-color paper, will be sent to any address. This special proof is to be colored by hand by the amateur artist in water-colors, crayon, or oil, and must be sent to us by mail, postage prepaid, addressed to the Judge Art Department, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York. No copy other than the special proof-copy can be used in this competition.

YE SUMMER MAID.

SHE ventured in the briny deep
A little while ago
And yelled for murder, fire, police!—
A crab had pinched her toe.

And though at that momentous time
Her screams were plainly heard,
Yet when a lobster squeezed her waist
She didn't say a word.

MC LANDBURGH WILSON.

UNCLE HEZEKIAH ON GOLF.

"I DON'T see why they call golf a royal and ancient game," remarked the Cohoes philosopher, drenching a protuberant nail on the post-office veranda with a well-aimed expectoration. "I never hearn tell of it till two months ago, an' my folks hez lived right in this here county fer sixty years. An' as fer its bein' royal—it ain't played in no court, like tennis—I don't see where thet comes in. An' if it is, it's agin the constitution an' the flag."

IT WAS OLD.

"CONFOUND it!" growls the testy husband, "I'd like to know what has become of that bottle of whiskey I kept in my wardrobe."

"Why, Henry," says the patient wife, "I heard you tell Mr. Gooph that it was fifteen years old; so when I was collecting all our old things for the church rummage-sale I sent that along too."

STILL OPEN.

SHE—"I suppose games of chance are absolutely prohibited now in New York city?"
HE—"Oh, no. The marriage-license office is still running 'wide open.'"

KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

"NO, NO!" says the multi-millionaire to the poor but crafty beggar; "I will give you nothing."

"Boss," suggests the beggar with a rare smile, "do you see that young fellow watching us from that doorway?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Well, he's a reporter for the *Daily Whoop*, and he's out gathering material for an article on 'the unknown charities of our famous men.'"

"Tut, tut, my poor fellow!" says the multi-millionaire loudly. "Nothing to eat since yesterday?" still more loudly. "*Here is five dollars! Take it and get a square meal and then come and let me know what you need to put you on your feet!*"

As the multi-millionaire struts proudly away, glowing with the consciousness of having done a good deed at the time to secure proper notice, the poor beggar joins the young man in the doorway, and they shake hands long and silently over the success of their idea.

IN A. D. 1905.

Mrs. Uptodate (to maid)—"Marie, you need not set out the capsules for Mr. Uptodate's dinner. I have received a Marconigram that he will not be home until ten o'clock, as his Santos-Dumontobile has had a breakdown."

THE TAYLOR-MADE GIRL.

FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN—"Theirs has been a very happy marriage, hasn't it?"
SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN—"Oh, yes. They've lived together ten years and have had no children."

ALL IS SERENE.

DE watahmillion 's ripe
An' blowin' here an' dere.
Oh, hear de chicken pipe
De rag-time dat is rare!

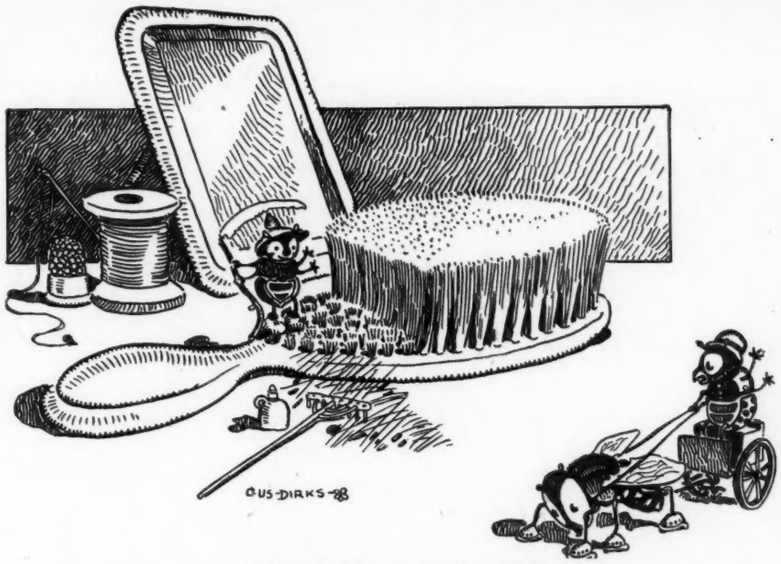
De 'possum 's in de stew,
An' soon de meller cob
Ob co'n an' tater new
Will make dese ole jaws bob.

I's happy as de clam,
I happy is fo' fair;
I'll tell yo' whad—I am
A watahmillionaire.

HE KNEW.

"THERE is a good deal of illiteracy around here, isn't there?" asked the man from the north, who was journeying through the wilds of Arkansas.

"Thar used to be, stranger," replied the native to whom the inquiry was addressed, "but them confounded revenue officers have done busted the business plumb up."



WHEN REUBEN CAME TO TOWN.

MR. RUBE BUG—"My goodness, Bill! but that's a fine crop of hay you have there—and so early, too."

THE WORST YET.

FARMER BROWN—"Bin t' N'York, eh, Si? W'ot yer got in yer grip? Gold-bricks, fer a dollar!"

FARMER GREENE—"Josh, yer'd lose. I've got stuck this time a good deal wuss than I ever wuz on gold-bricks."

FARMER BROWN—"What is it, Si? I won't tell a soul."

FARMER GREENE—"Well, then, I'll tell ye. I've got a bunch o' th' latest an' greatest American novels, that I bought on th' strength o' th' advertisements."

ONE WAY TO AVOID IT.

"DEARIE," said Mrs. Loveydovey, "I see in the paper that a man out west has had his stomach removed. I wonder why?"

"I suppose," said Mr. Loveydovey, "that his wife persists in trying to cook all the new-fangled things she reads about in the recipe department of the *Ladies' Home Weekly*."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NIX.

Macbeth—"How now, my lord? Methinks yonder goes a band o' men who look not like the inhabitants o' the earth."

Falstaff—"By heavings! and they carry leathern bags filled, I wot, with shillalahs."

Belarius—"A thousand times no, me lud; they contain brassies and cleeks."

Gauderius—"And niblicks."

Arviragus—"And putters."

Belarius—"And mashies."

Macbeth—"Egad! then 'tmust be a golf-club from Hoboken."

The jester—"Neigh, neigh, old hoss; 'tis the Boston tee party."

Arviragus—"Ho, ho!"

Belarius—"He, he!"

Gauderius—"Ha, ha!"

SAVING HIS STRENGTH.

CASEY—"Did ye go over t' see Kelly lasht noight?"

COSTIGAN—"Oi did not. Afther Oi'd walked two-thirds av th' way Oi was too toired t' go a shtep further, so Oi turned round an' walked back home again."

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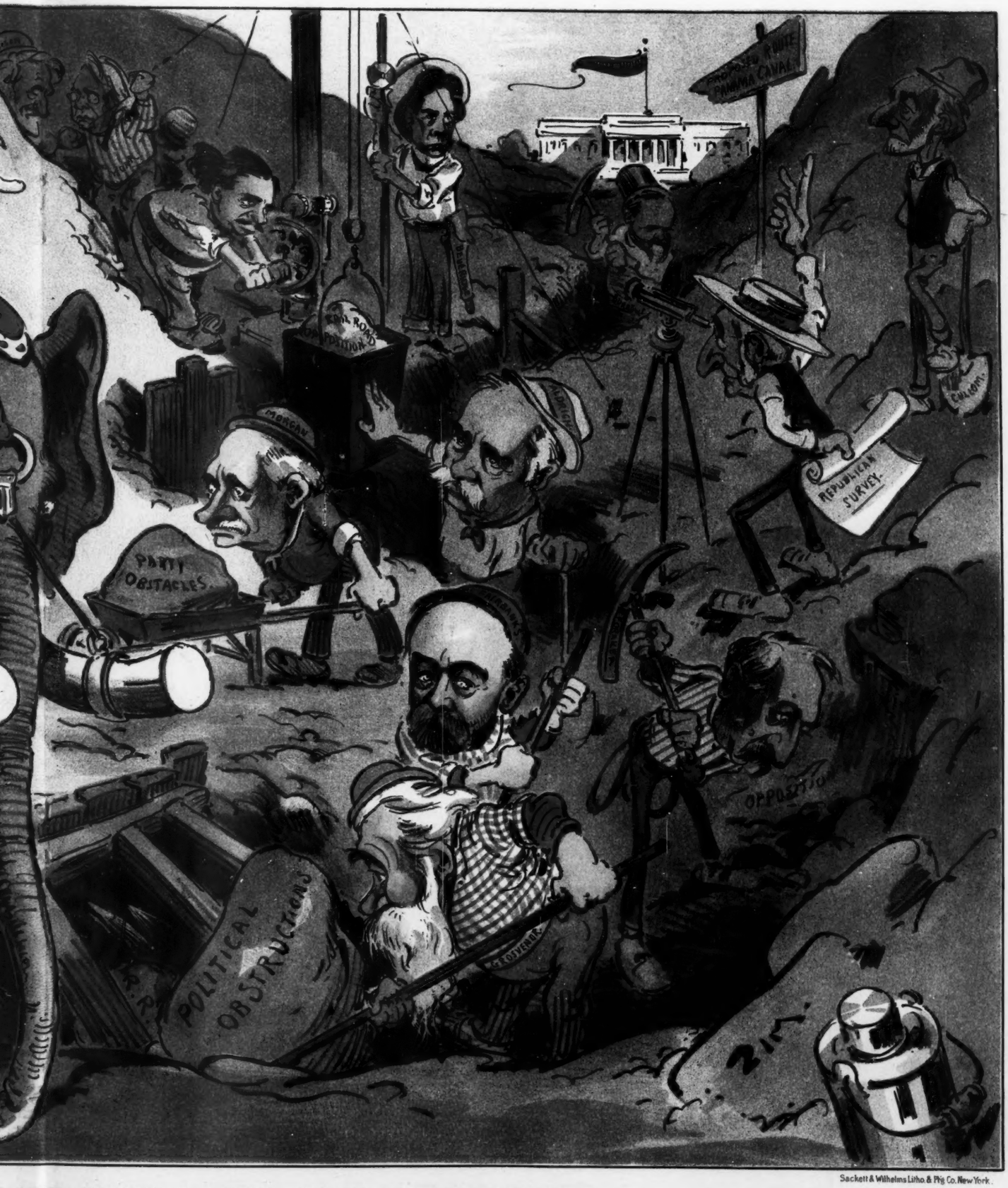
THE POLITICAL PANAMA CANAL MAY LAND



Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Ptg. Co. New York.

LAND MARK HANNA AT THE WHITE-HOUSE.

A GILT-EDGED OUTLOOK.

THE crops are all o. k.;
They're comin' mighty fine,
An' with the millionaire
I'll shortly be in line.

The cabbage an' the squash,
The turnip an' the bean,
Just bust to beat the band
An' make the future green.

Oh, soon I'll find that they
Are just as good as wheat,
An' sell them for the price
They're gettin' now fer meat.

An' then a millionaire
I'll caper, don't you know,
An' hang forever up
The shovel an' the hoe.

NEITHER a reputation nor a fence can be strengthened by whitewash.

MOSQUITO-PONG IN JERSEY.

Mr. Jercyite and family have tired of ping-pong, but they still find the ping-pong bats very useful.

NOT NECESSARY.

CLEVERTON—"I want to ask Miss Pittston to go to the theatre with me. Do you suppose she will want a chaperon?"
DASHAWAY—"Oh, no; she doesn't know you well enough for that."

WATERMELON ON JUDGMENT DAY.

CAMP-MEETIN' time am comin' on.
I's gwine ter shet mah eye
W'en I go froo dat million-patch
Ter mansions in de sky.

I 'low mah mouf 'll open wide—
Dar am no udder way
W'en I a watahmillion smell
Gwine up ter jedgment day.

I see de char-riet rollin' by
Up de celestial pike
An' Peter comin' down de way
Ter meet it on his bike.

Whuffo? Bekase de char-riet man
Got millions f'um de patch.
He cut one fo' ole Peter, an'
Ole Peter rise de latch.

He smile an' say, "Drive in; yo' got
Whad maike de right ob way.
De watahmillion pass yo' by
Dis gate on jedgment day."

F. H. B.

MET THEIR FATE.

"ARE you ready?" asked the first man.

"I am," came the answer in a firm tone.

"Then come. We may as well know the worst."

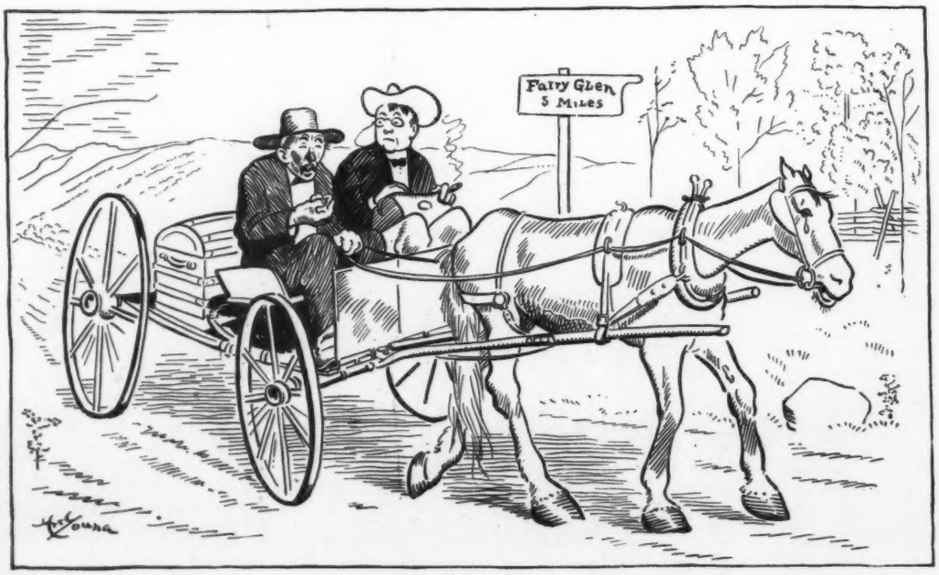
Closing the door behind them, they resolutely descended the stairs.

When they rose from the boarding-house table, however, they agreed that the meal had been no worse than usual.

AN EXCITING TALE.

"AS AN attraction and an entertainment for my guests," said the summer landlord, "I have engaged the famous missionary lady to lecture on 'How I escaped from the brigands.'"

"You might please them more," said the star boarder, "if you would get some one to lecture on 'How to escape from the summer-hotel man.'"



A LIVING PROOF.

CHARLIE (*who has come to the country for his health*)—"They say this is a great place for people afflicted with hay-fever."
RESIDENT—"You bed it is. W'y, gol blame it! w'en I firsd gumb here, dwo years ago (sniffle), the doctors had gibben me ub. Now I'm gumbledely (sneeze) gured."

"Ah got no use fo' de man," said Charcoal Eph, in one of his philosophical turns, "dat donate er thousan' dollahs t' de heathen fund ob de fashionable church wid one han', an' raise de rents on his tenement houses wid de udder. Ah 'spec' he bettah begin 'practicin' crawlin' fro' de eye ob er needle, Mistah Jackson!"—*Baltimore News.*

Sohmer & Co., the great piano-makers, furnish every variety of instruments—square, upright and grand—and are constantly striving to meet every demand. Their success has been phenomenal.

The man who thinks he knows it all is happy for a time.
For him the lights are brilliant and the bells are all achime—
But when the sad awakening comes this life seems very rough,
And then he envies simple folk who never made a bluff.
—*Washington Star.*

Bragge—"I was knocked senseless by a cricket-ball two years ago."
The boy in the corner—"When does yer expeck ter git over it?"—*Tit-Bits.*

Packer's Tar Soap

is pure, mild, invigorating and antiseptic. It soothes while cleansing, and for more than a quarter of a century has been The Standard

For the Hair and Skin

The Packer Mfg. Co., 81-83 Fulton St., New York.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor 22d St. Only salesroom in Greater New York.

Strengthens System Body Brain and Nerves

VIN MARIANI

(MARIANI WINE)

No other preparation has ever received so many voluntary testimonials from eminent people as the world-famous Mariani Wine. Agreeable and lasting.

Before Meals **APPETIZER**
After Meals **DIGESTIVE**
At All Times **TONIC**

Sold by all druggists Refuse substitutes

Mariani & Co., 52 W. 15th St., New York, publish a handsome book of indorsements of Emperors, Empress, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops, and other distinguished personages. It is sent gratis and postpaid to all who write for it.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS IMITATORS ENJOINED.

Upon the application of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons the United States Circuit Court, Northern District of Illinois, issued an injunction on June 26th last against the Julius Marcus Cordial Co. of Illinois, restraining them from using the words "Angostura Bark Bitters," or the words "Angostura Bitters," or any imitation of said words, on any bitters not manufactured by the complainants, Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

According to a recent decision of the United States Circuit Court, Northern District of Illinois, the Siegerts have exclusive right to the word "Angostura" in connection with bitters.

"Papa," said the sweet girl graduate, "wasn't my commencement gown a whooperino? I had the other girls skinned alive!"

"And this is the girl," said papa sadly, "whose graduating essay was 'An appeal for higher standards of thought and expression.'"—*Chicago Tribune.*

You've heard Evans' Ale praised.

There are good reasons for it

"What is the matter with Bills?"
"Worrying over business affairs."
"I didn't know he had any business."
"That's it. He hasn't."—*Indianapolis News.*

every man knows that athletes wear suspensories, because of the protection and increased nerve force they insure. Every athlete and lover of out-door sports knows the value of an

O-P-C suspensory

It retards fatigue and imparts a sense of freedom and buoyancy. Wouldn't it be just as advantageous to you to protect yourself and increase your vitality and capacity for work? Wear an O-P-C and you will know why a suspensory will enable you to accomplish more work with less effort.

We authorize every druggist to refund your money if you are not satisfied.

Get the Right Brand. Should you be unable to get an O-P-C from your druggist, we will supply you, postpaid, upon receipt of price.

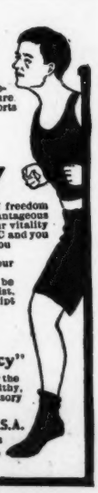
No. 2 O-P-C lisle....$1.00
No. 3 O-P-C silk..... 1.50

"The Struggle for Supremacy"

A booklet giving the reasons why, under the rush and grind of modern life, every healthy, normal man should wear an O-P-C suspensory IT'S FREE—write for it.

Bauer & Black, 269-25th St., Chicago, U.S.A.

Makers of Frost King and Frost Queen Chamois Vests, Rex Porous Plasters, Blue-Jay Corn and Bunion Plasters.



FOR MEN OF BRAINS

Cortez CIGARS

—MADE AT KEY WEST—

These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

"Say," said the first messenger-boy, "'Snaketoothed Sam, the Desert Demon,' is a pretty long story, ain't it?"
"Naw," replied the other; "yer kin do it easy in two messages."—*Philadelphia Press.*

College idiot (indefinitely)—"It doesn't necessarily follow."
Kind friend—"What doesn't?"
College idiot—"Why, a dog—when you whistle for it."—*Columbia Jester.*

The man who desires to keep up with the times wants to go slow.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Brain and brawn benefited with a tonic which aids digestion—Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, are noted for their digestive properties. All druggists.

Fat party—"What! forty-five cents for a shave?"
Barber—"Yes, sir; fifteen cents a chin."—*Yale Record.*

No better Turkish Cigarette can be made

Egyptian Deities

Cork Tips as well

Salesman—"Here's the same book in a fine binding. It is half calf."
Mrs. Munniworth—"Only half calf? I suppose that's because of the beef trust. But I can afford whole calf. I should feel ashamed to have a book in the house that was not the real thing."—*Boston Transcript.*

MAYER'S 604 PANETELAS

A delightful smoke at a moderate price. Hand made. Best selected tobacco. Full size, 5 in.

If your dealer doesn't have them, send $1 FOR SAMPLE BOX OF 50 Delivered Free. State color, light, medium or dark

W. I. MAYER & CO., Makers
604 Liberty ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

Mrs. Muggins—"That woman's husband is quite a literary lion."
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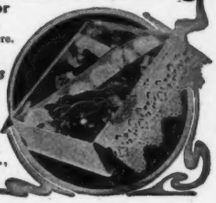

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are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The ORIGINAL of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no other.

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Insurance on the Life of
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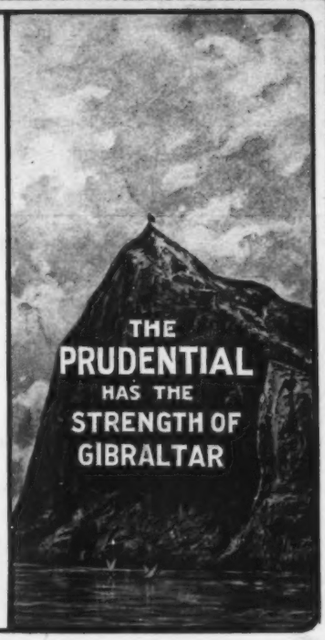

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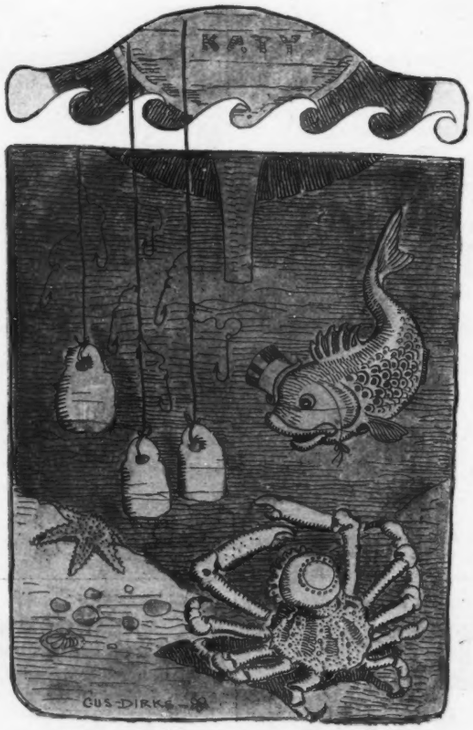

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MR. FISH—"Well, now, if they'd only send down a cup of coffee these sinkers wouldn't go so bad."

Popular Low Rate Excursions To Pacific Coast & Alaska

The Great Northern Railway offers, this summer, an exceptional opportunity for vacation trips to the Northwest and wonderful Alaska. LOW RATES are in effect, and the liberal terms and limit permit of numerous and extended side trips and stop-overs. The magnificent mountain scenery of the Great Northern, its luxurious new equipment and careful and attentive employees make it the favorite route to all points west.

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2000 Revolutions a Minute!

FAN $1.50

Measurement 10 inches.
Throws air equal to any $15 electric fan.
RUNS BY WATER
Requires but 10 lbs. water pressure. Can be connected in any room or to any spigot.
Fed by 1-16 Inch Hole
Descriptive Circular free on request.
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If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

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THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

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SANTAL CAPSULES MIDY

SUPERIOR TO COPAIBA, CUBEBS, and INJECTIONS

Relieve in 48 HOURS

Each capsule bears the name MIDY. *Beware of counterfeits.*

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READ JASPER'S "HINTS TO MONEY-MAKERS" EVERY WEEK IN LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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In some sections of the country, in the hot months, many pleasure parties camp out in the woods.

In packing for these trips, a supply of

Hunter
Baltimore
Rye

is needful against emergencies.

This is a pure and perfect whiskey and a fine stimulant.

Sold at all first-class cafés and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

"How readily and naturally your daughter takes her high c," said Mrs. Oldcastle, as she sat in the splendid music-room of the new neighbors listening to the practicing of the daughter of the house.

"Yes," replied her hostess, "Mamie takes after her pa. I always told Josiah that whenever anything came high he was sure to take it right off. He always was so aristocratical in his tastes."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"I don't understand," said the grocery clerk, "why Mr. Publico writes four capital X's after his name. What do they mean?"

"Mean a lot," replied Uncle Jim from the cracker barrel; "he's ex-justice of the peace, ex-mayor, ex-senator and experienced in politics."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

Pure blood, bright eyes, bounding step, high spirits, good health—synonymous with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, intelligently used. Test it.

Jones—"Have you seen the new serial story?"

Smith—"No; what is it?"

Jones—"Why, they've added another floor to the granary."—*Princeton Tiger.*

Madge—'Dolly 's got a divorce."

Bess—"On what grounds?"

Madge—"Incompatibility. Jack's hair doesn't match her new dress."—*Princeton Tiger.*

Counselor Law—"I see you got a disagreement of the jury?"

Counselor Case—"Oh, yes; it was easy."

Counselor Law—"How did you manage it?"

Counselor Case—"Why, I got two fellows on the jury; one owns an automobile, and the other owns a horse. I knew those two would never agree."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the treatment as administered at the following Keeley Institutes:

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DURING the past twenty years the Keeley treatment has rescued so many thousands of men and women from the drink and drug habits that it has made staunch friends in every community. Among its adherents are some of the most distinguished people in the country, including clergymen, physicians, lawyers, editors, business men, and government officials. In a word, the treatment, by reason of the great good it has done and is doing, has become a national institution, with headquarters in many States.

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"Non-Heredity of Inebriety," by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, mailed on application.

"Has your husband a good ear for music?" asked Mrs. Oldgirl of Mrs. Newed.

"I am afraid not," replied Mrs. Newed. "He seems to think everything he hears played in church is a lullaby."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

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Use the Great English Remedy
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In a nut Shell: Bartenders and Barbers send one dollar for sample box worth $20. Agents can make big money selling it. Ad. Novelty Co., 6771 South Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ills.

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A powder to be shaken into the shoes. Your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen, sweating feet, ingrowing nails, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain, and gives rest and comfort. Try it *to-day*. Sold by all druggists and shoe-stores for 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

YOU'RE NOT SAFE without a bottle of
Old Overholt
in the house. The one absolutely pure Whiskey.
Bottled in Bond.
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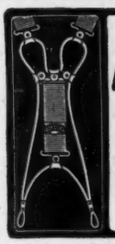

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Easy on the Buttons—
President Suspender
Adjusts itself to every bend of the body. Every pair guaranteed. The genuine has "President" on the buckles. Trimmings cannot rust. Made in all styles—heavy or light; also for boys. Sold everywhere, 50c., or by mail.
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4025 BLOUSE WAIST.
32 TO 40 BUST.
Mailed to any address in the United States for 10 cents (foreign, 15 cents).
State size wanted and write address plainly.
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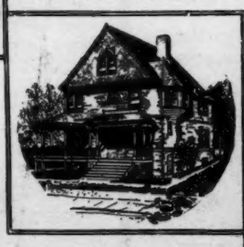

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Modern Buildings

Address all orders to **Judge Co., 110 Fifth Ave., New York**

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Primary, Secondary, or Tertiary Blood Poison
Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write
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1400 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill., for proofs of cures. Capital, $500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 35 days. 100-page Book Free.

Celia—"Oh, we had a delightful time at Ophelia's announcement party."

Delia—"What did you do?"

Celia—"She had us submit sealed guesses as to the man she is engaged to; the girl who guessed right is to be maid-of-honor."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Oh, woman!" he cried, "you are as cold as ice, and"——

She turned upon him with a sudden frown.

——"as dear."

Her features relaxed again.—*Kansas City Independent.*

"John," she said, solicitously, "I wish you would quit drinking. You know it is nothing in the world but slow poison."

"There you are, Mirandy," he retorted. "The minute a man takes out life insurance you women folks get unreasonable"!—*Baltimore News.*

"Have you any valuables you wish placed in the safe?" asked the hotel clerk of the guest who was about to retire.

"Why, yes, I almost forgot," replied the guest; "here is my panama hat."—*Ohio State Journal.*

PICTURE FUN

Judge's Latest Big Success

A New Humorous Magazine from the "Judge" presses. One Hundred and Twenty-eight Pages of fun—pictorial and otherwise.

FOR Sale on all trains and at all live news stores.

Price, 25c.

You cannot afford to miss it. It's an out-and-out mirth provoker. Your newsdealer sells it; or send 25 cents in coin or stamps.

JUDGE COMPANY, 110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

QUERULOUS QUATRAINS.

I.

The worst about the summer, I should say,
Is not the heat that melts us day by day,
But rather is the jokes that come along
And seek in vain to force us to be gay.

II.

Ah, true, I know the soda-fountain clerk
Doth sell sweet air with nimble toss and jerk;
And yet one cannot always laugh at him—
In truth, his is an honest piece of work.

III.

The quip about the maiden by the sea,
Who wears abbreviated garb in glee,
But proves, what jokes repeatedly have claimed,
That many do not go to sea, but see.

IV.

The jest about the iceman and his price,
And how he sells a damp spot for a slice,
Is ancient, stale and deucedly passe—
Oh, would that they would put it on the ice!

V.

The mercury, I know, will gayly rise
Until it knocketh at the brazen skies,
Yet it will not record the heat I feel
At reading of the ants in picnic pies.

VI.

One other, from which for relief I sue,
Is that with which the jokers ne'er get through—
That warmth-increasing chestnut on the man
Who murmurs: "Is it hot enough for you?"

VII.

Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,
At Murphy's farm or Hotel Get-the-mun,
The jokesters sadly pen these five old things
To prove there's nothing new beneath the sun!

—*Baltimore American.*

The *Four Track News* has been turned out for July, and at present it is flying all over the country from sea to sea, and making friends and subscribers wherever it goes—and it goes everywhere. The Newfoundland iceberg, which is the frontispiece, will give universal satisfaction during these days of the delirious bow-wow and the vaselined zephyr. It would be unfair to tell the reader of all the interesting bits of prose and verse, and of the jokes which coruscate on almost every page, and prove themselves well worthy of the setting. All sorts of subjects are treated and served in a most artistic manner, from theatricals to woodland paths, from the world's progress to the rest-cure, and from the home of the caribou to the humor of the scissors. Besides, there is all the railroad information that can be desired concerning the New York Central, America's greatest railroad, where its trains go to and how fast they go, and how long it takes them to reach all sorts of spots that refresh, rejuvenate, build up, and throw off the burden of business fatigue, until the elephantine merchant fancies that he is a stormy petrel. For further information apply to George H. Daniels, general passenger agent, New York Central, Grand Central station, New York city.

Stubb—"They say the first surf bath shocks some people."

Penn—"It did me."

Stubb—"Water cold?"

Penn—"No; my bathing suit began to shrink."—*Chicago News.*

Customer—"When was this chicken killed?"

Waiter—"We don't furnish dates with chickens, sir. Only bread and butter."—*Baltimore World.*

Mrs. Meekton—"What do you think, James? Mother says she wants to be cremated."

James—"All right. Tell her to get her things on and I'll take her down now."—*New York Journal.*

L. Garnier

THE SIGNATURE, L. GARNIER, AND THE TRADE-MARK, CROSS, CIRCLE AND STARS, ARE TO BE FOUND ON EVERY BOTTLE OF

Chartreuse

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

THE FORMER APPEARS TWICE ON EACH LABEL AND THE LATTER IS BLOWN INTO THE BOTTLE. FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS THIS MOST DELIGHTFUL OF ALL CORDIALS HAS BEEN MADE BY THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE, GRENOBLE, FRANCE.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés. Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

"Anything interesting in the *Blank Magazine* this month?"

"Nothing worth mentioning. Only two new advertisements in the whole ninety-eight pages."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

Pears'

All sorts of people use it, all sorts of stores sell the famous English complexion soap. Established 1789.

Sold all over the world.

Mary had a little foot,
She wore a tiny shoe,
And everywhere that Mary went
The people saw it, too!
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

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YOUNG PERSON in Advertising Department with originality and ability to illustrate ideas. Address, stating experience, and if possible inclosing sample of work, U. S. M., JUDGE, 110 Fifth Ave., New York.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit Cured without inconvenience or detention from business. Write THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. J. Lebanon, Ohio.

Street-department employee—"Why is the boss in such a hurry to get this street laid down?"

Second street-department employee—"So he can go to work tearing it up again."—*Boston Post.*

Magistrate—"Ten dollars and costs! This is at least the tenth time I've had to fine you this year, and"——

Inebriate—"Well, say, judge, oughtn't I to git wholesale rates?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

MYSELF CURED I will gladly inform anyone addicted to COCAINE, MORPHINE, OPIUM OR LAUDANUM, of a never-failing harmless Home Cure. Address MRS. MARY I. BALDWIN, P. O. Box 1212, Chicago, Ill.

YOU CAN'T CUT YOURSELF IF YOU TRY

"Griffon"

SAFETY-RAZOR

BEST MADE

700,000 in Use.

PRICE, in Metal Box. $1.50.
In Morocco Case, 2 Blades, $3.00.
In Leather Case, 4 Blades, $4.00.

Made with Safety Shoulders which prevent blade from passing beyond safety point. Shaves close as may be desired. No smarting after shaving. Booklet upon request.

"Griffon" SAFETY-RAZOR

Sold at all good stores or mailed by Mfrs. on receipt of price.

Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN, 459 & 461 Broadway, N. Y.

"Here, here," exclaimed the hotel porter to Uncle Reuben, who was pouring water on the electric light, "what are you doing?"

"Wa-al, I tried tew blow th' thing out," replied Uncle Reuben, abashed, "an' it wudn't blow, so I jes thort I'd drown it out, b'gosh!"—*Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.*

"How you young women did chatter at your progressive-euchre party!" exclaimed the United States senator.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "one might have thought we were trying to select a route for an isthmian canal!"—*Washington Star.*

"I tell you," said the doctor, "it's the man who can push himself along that succeeds best in this world."

"Not at all," replied the professor. "It's the man who can shove others out of his way that succeeds best."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Young husband—"I'm just about dead, putting down this carpet."

Wife—"The carpet is not heavy."

Young husband—"No, but I have to work in such a cramped position."

Wife—"Nonsense! Just imagine you are on your bicycle."—*New York Weekly.*

The employee of the gas-company was excited.

"What's the matter?" asked the superintendent.

"I've just found a street that hasn't been torn up for nearly ten years," was the reply.

"Send a gang of men out there at once," ordered the superintendent.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

COLORADO

AND RETURN

$25

First-class Round-Trip Tickets Chicago to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo on sale July 1 to 13, August 1 to 14, August 23 and 24 and August 30 to September 10; $31.50 on other dates; good for return until October 31; correspondingly low rates from other points; favorable stop over arrangements. Only two nights en route New York to Denver, one night from Chicago by the

"COLORADO SPECIAL."

The best of everything.

ALL AGENTS SELL TICKETS VIA

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN AND UNION PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

Wm BARKER CO. TROY, N.Y.

LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS ARE THE BEST BUY THEM.

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CHEW... Beeman's THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others are Imitations.

It's all well enough to heap coals of fire on the heads of our enemies, but it's rather expensive.—*Philadelphia Record.*

BOMOSA BEST GROWN COFFEE

GOOD INCOMES MADE

By selling our celebrated goods. 25 and 30 per cent. commission off.

BEST and MOST ECONOMICAL 33c.

1-lb. trade mark red bags. Good Coffees, 12c. and 15c. Good Teas, 30c. and 35c.

The Great American Tea Co., 31-33 Vesey St., New York. P. O. Box 289.

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A SERIES of Eight Striking Sketches of Heads of Beautiful Women, by J. Montgomery Flagg. Each sketch is most artistically reproduced in sepia on heavy plate paper, and is mounted on Melton gray board, size 15 x 19. The complete series of eight sells for $5.00. Mr. Flagg's heads are all sketched from living models, and are more nearly typical of the beauty of the American girl than any other similar art collection heretofore published. The small illustrations shown herein are reproductions in miniature of the complete series.

THE FLAGG "PICTURES OF FAIR WOMEN"

are limited to one thousand sets. Some of these were sold in advance of publication. The remainder are bound to go fast, now that the announcement is made definitely of their publication.

The price of the complete series of eight is $5.00.

JUDGE COMPANY,
Publishers,
110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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HE KNEW HE WOULD WAKE UP.

FRAYED FAGIN—"I dreamed last night dat I found a t'ousand dollars."
HARDENED HOBBS—"W'ot did yer do wid it?"
FRAYED FAGIN—"Chucked it away. I knew if I tried ter spend it I'd only wake up."

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Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Ptg. Co. New York.

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

FARMER BACKPORCH—"Heered th' news, Sal? Burglars broke inter Josh Medders's house last night an' eat every confounded thing in th' pantry."
MRS. BACKPORCH—"Burglars, eh? I'll bet it wuz some o' them half-starved summer boarders from Hank Browns's place."